

EXHIBIT J

EXT. HIGH ABOVE PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

BLUE-TEAM, two single-seat F-18Es (Echoes), blasts across the sky in tight formation. Ahead of them, closing from the opposite direction for a nose-on pass is RED-1, a two-seat F-18F (Foxtrot) piloted by OVERKILL with TOEJAM in the back seat.

INT. BLUE-1, MASSHOLE, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Masshole at the stick.

MASSHOLE
Blue-1, ready.

INT. BLUE-2, CREAM, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The pilot is Cream.

CREAM
Blue-2, ready.

INT. RED-1, OVERKILL/TOEJAM, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

OVERKILL
Red-1, ready.

EXT. SKY - VARIOUS ANGLES - CONTINUOUS

Overkill's plane and the Blue-team BLAST PAST EACH OTHER ---

TOEJAM (over radio)
(passing Blue 2)
Fight's on!

Blue-team RIPS into a hard left 180' turn ---

MASSHOLE (over radio)
Blue-1, Dash-2 tracking two-five.
Bandit's coming to pass on the nose.

Overkill JINKS INTO AN INVERTED DIVE --- dashing out of Cream's gunsights, dumping Training Flare countermeasures.

CREAM (over radio)
Negative padlock. Shit.

Overkill rips past Blue-team and all three planes bank into sharp turns --- Overkill is coming around on a single circle back into the path of the Masshole and Cream.

MASSHOLE (over radio)
Bandit at two-low. Break south then re-engage! She's trying to make it a knife fight

CREAM (over radio)
Blue-2. Breaking south.

Cream rolls out, away from Overkill's attack angle.

EXT. SKY - MOMENTS LATER

Overkill and Masshole weave in and out, both pilots slowing their jet down to try and get the other to jump in front and give a clear shot - neither able to.

INT. RED-1, OVERKILL/TOEJAM, COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

TOEJAM
Bandit 2 coming around at five-five high, Shoot and scoot or he's gonna be in our chili real fast.

Overkill grits her teeth - the beep of the radar warning pulses in her ear.

EXT. RED-1, OVERKILL/TOEJAM - CONTINUOUS

Overkill jinks hard to evade Cream attacking on her tail.

CREAM (over radio)
Pursuing Bandit flowing west 4-4.

Masshole knifes up into a climb to loop after Overkill.

INT. BLUE-1, MASSHOLE, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly his radar warning tone pulses loudly.

MASSHOLE (into radio)
(surprised)
Blue-1. Contact! No joy.

CREAM (over radio)
Contact forty-four left for 6 closing!

Suddenly Masshole's RWR pulses loudly: Missile lock.

MASSHOLE
What the hell?!

MAVERICK (over radio)
Wildcard-1. Fox 3 on High F-18 climbing west.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Mav's F-18E blazes towards the two remaining fighters.

INT. RED-1, OVERKILL/TOEJAM, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

TOEJAM

Contact. Left wing, 1-6 now, he's about 6 miles checking left.

OVERKILL

He's not claiming our kill.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly finding himself playing defense, Cream pulls hard to get away from Mav --- but Overkill pounces on him.

OVERKILL (over radio)

Red-1, Fox-2, F-18 in right hand at 15,000. Engaging Wildcard.

EXT. RED-1, OVERKILL/TOEJAM - CONTINUOUS

Overkill banks hard as Mav dives in behind her.

INT. WILDCARD-1, MAVERICK, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Mav pulls his G-suit and GRUNTS from the force of a hard G turn --- pulls his Jet's nose towards Overkill.

INT. RED-1, OVERKILL/TOEJAM, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

MAVERICK (over radio)

Wildcard. Fox-2 on Red-1.

Overkill shakes head in frustration, But respects the flying.

OVERKILL

(sourly to Toejam)

He caught us with our fangs in the floorboard.

(into radio)

Bravo Zulu, Wildcard.

EXT. SKY - DAY

3 more F-18s rip past each other in a dogfight ---

INT. BLUE 4, F-18F, CLEFT/MOOCH - MOMENTS LATER

Mooch scanning the sky for Maverick.

MOOCH

Bandit flowing east. No other contacts.

CLEFT
Keep an eye out for Wildcard.
(into radio)
Blue-4. Pursuing Bandit at two-five,
10 angels.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Cleft pulls hard on the fleeing bandit: Skidmark and Fanboy in Red-3.

Red-3 jinks out of his path, but Blue-5, piloted by Ooops, is waiting for him.

OOPS (over radio)
Blue-5. Fox-2 on Red-3.

EXT. A DIFFERENT PATCH OF SKY - LATER

A F-18E, BLUE-6, Cream, screams through a tight turn.

CREAM (over radio)
(angry)
Blue-6, No Joy! No Joy! Where is he?

NOSEBLEED (over radio)
Break left Six! Bandit at 7 high!

Blue-6 breaks hard into a turn - but there's an F-18E screaming down towards him - it's Spanky in Red-4 ---

INT. RED-4, SPANKY, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Spanky grits his teeth against the G-forces of his maneuver.

The target lock tone bleeps in his ears and he pulls the trigger on his stick.

SPANKY
Fox-2. Lead F-18 flowing west.

Bradshaw's missile warning system bleeps as BLUE-7, Tinman and Nosebleed, tries to bracket him ---

EXT. RED-4, BRADSHAW - CONTINUOUS

Bradshaw dumps flares and slams his jet down and away.

EXT./INT. BLUE-7, TINMAN/NOSEBLEED - MOMENTS LATER

Blue-7 dives after Spanky --- a roller coaster ride of inverted twists and turns ---

INT. RED-4, SPANKY, COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

Spanky is in a vicious turning battle with Blue-7 but then he sees CONTRAILS in the distance: another F-18 closing on them, it's Maverick.

Spanky scowls behind his oxygen mask --- then glances at his airspeed: it's Dropping from his turning chase with Blue-7.

He glances again at Mav - getting dangerously closer --- if Spanky doesn't move, he's dead meat. Spanky flips a switch on his radio.

SPANKY (over radio)
(faking panic)
Wildcard! 8 high!

INT. BLUE-7, TINMAN/NOSEBLEED - CONTINUOUS

TINMAN
What?

Tinman and Nosebleed suddenly glance up in concern - register Mav's approaching Jet and for a split second, their attention is distracted from Spanky.

Their Radar Warning tone suddenly bleeps to life with a missile lock.

SPANKY (over radio)
Fox-2 on F-18. Engaging Wildcard.

TINMAN AND NOSEBLEED
Stinson!

Tinman slams his hand against the canopy. Knows they just got taken.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Suddenly it's just Mav and Spanky with Mav's coming hard down on Spanky's tail.

Spanky dumps flares and dives, regaining speed he lost in killing Blue-6. Mav gives chase.

Spanky jinking hard --- Mav staying on his ass ---

Both pilots pushing their limits --- Pulling G-suits, grunting against the punishing inertial forces ---

INT. RED-4, SPANKY, COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

Spanky is running hard - his RWR warning tone flickering on and off as Mav tries to get a lock and Spanky feverishly defends ---

Spanky glances up towards the sun --- a desperate idea forming...

Spanky jinks and goes vertical ---

INT. WILDCARD-1, MAVERICK, COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Mav pulls to follow Spanky but suddenly finds himself staring into the sun --- loses sight of Spanky's jet.

INT./EXT. RED-4, SPANKY - MOMENTS LATER

Spanky is nose-vertical - watching his airspeed drop rapidly ---

SPANKY
(to himself)
Come on baby, don't stall.

Suddenly he slams his rudder and flicks the throttle --- a risky Rudder Reversal, spinning his jet in a rapid 180', flipping the position of his nose and tail in a tight space --- and now he's facing almost right back down at Mav ---

INT. WILDCARD-1 COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Mav sees Bradshaw flip out of the sun and spin --- coming back down on him.

Mav jinks brutally into a dive of his own --- grunting with the sucker-punch of G-forces to avoid a target-lock, but now Mav has become the rabbit and Spanky is diving on his 6. His Radar warning system starts blurping loudly.

INT. RED-4, SPANKY, COCKPIT - MOMENTS LATER

Spanky has Mav in a missile lock.

SPANKY
Fox-2. Kill Continue ---

Instead of break off, he flips a switch on his stick and hammers his throttle, closing on Mav.

BRADSHAW
Continue. Red-4. Trigger down.

Spanky finally breaks off and away from Mav.

MAVERICK
Sierra Hotel, Red-4. See you on the
deck.

Spanky doesn't respond.